



HUSBANDS, ANYONE?

It has been alleged that coeds go to college for the sole purpose of finding husbands. This is, of course, an infamous insult, and I give full warning that, small and young as I am, anybody who says such a distasteful thing when I am around had better be prepared for a sound thrashing!

Girls go to college for precisely the same reasons as men do: to broaden their horizons, to lengthen their vistas, to drink at the fount of wisdom. But if, by pure chance, while a girl is engaged in these meritorious pursuits, a likely looking husband should pop into view, why, what's wrong with that? Eh? What's wrong with that?

The question now arises, what should a girl look for in a husband. A great deal has been written on this subject. Some say character is most important, some say background, some say appearance, some say education. All are wrong.

The most important thing—*her nose*—is a husband's health. Though he be handsome as Apollo and rich as Midas, what good is he if he just lays around all day accumulating bedsores?

The very first thing to do upon meeting a man is to make sure he is sound of mind and body. Before he has a chance to sweet-talk you, slap a thermometer in his mouth, roll back his eyelids, yank out his tongue, rap his patella, palpate his thorax, ask him to straighten out a horseshoe with his teeth. If he fails these simple tests, phone for an ambulance and go on to the next prospect.

If, however, he turns out to be physically fit, proceed to the second most important requirement in a husband. I refer to a sense of humor.

A man who can't take a joke is a man to be avoided. There are several simple

tests to find out whether your prospect can take a joke or not. You can, for example, slash his tires. Or burn his "Mad" comics. Or steal his watchdog. Or turn loose his pet raccoon. Or shave his head.

After each of these good-natured pranks, laugh gaily and shout "April Fool!" If he replies, "But this is February nineteenth," or something equally childish, cross him off your list and give thanks you found out in time.

But if he laughs silverly and calls you "Little Miss?" put him to the next test. Find out whether he is kindly.

The quickest way to ascertain his kindness is, of course, to look at the cigarette he smokes. Is it mild? Is it elegant? Is it humane? Does it minister tenderness to the palate? Does it cradle the synapses? Is it a good companion? Is it genial? Is it bright and friendly and filtered and full of dulcet pleasure from cockles to the heart of darkness?

Is it, in short, Marlboro?



If Marlboro it be, then clasp the man to your bosom with loops of steel, for you may be sure that he is kindly as a summer breeze, kindly as a mother's kiss, kindly to his very marrow.

And now, having found a man who is kindly and healthy and bloused with a sense of humor, the only thing that remains is to make sure he will always own a handsome living. That, fortunately, is easy. Just enroll him in engineering.

© 1961 Leo Burnett

Joining Marlboro in bringing you this column throughout the school year is another fine product from the same makers—the king-size, unfiltered Philip Morris Camel. Here is pure, clean smoking pleasure. Try a pack. You'll be welcome aboard!

